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THE ANCHOR

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The British-Boer War.

Oration delivered by Cornelius Vander Mel at the State Oratorical Contest at
Lansing, Michigan, May 8, 1901.

Historic facts often reveal prophetic truths. Among the
sublimest facts emblazoned upon the scroll of history are those
which concern the cause of liberty. From them we know, that
in every age the fiercest wars were fought to abolish the scepter
of tyranny, that in the century just departed the greatest con-
flicts were waged to break the shackles of thralldom, and that
during the closing years of that glorious century the noblest
struggles were carried on to crush the heel of oppression. All
of which wars not only evidence that man has repeatedly suffer-
ed, fought and died for freedom, but they reveal a prophetic
truth, that,

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."

One of the world's most significant struggles for liberty,
sacred and eternal, was begun on the twelfth of October, 1899.
On that memorable day began the present conflict between the
British and the Boers in South Africa; a conflict which appeals
not merely to freedom-loving Americans, but to all mankind; a
conflict which will affect the progress of liberty; and, therefore,
a conflict which demands our earnest consideration as to its
cause, its history and its result.

I. Ask not the origin of this war. This clash of arms is but the natural culmination of a state of affairs that has existed between the British and the Boers throughout their history. From the close of the sixteenth century to the present moment, the history of the Boers is one long tragedy. How they suffered and sacrificed to gain independence beggars description. Autonomy was granted them by England in 1852; peace, however, was but a phantasm, for in 1877 England again proclaimed the Transvaal annexed. War followed. The British suffered disaster after disaster, and the short but decisive struggle was ended by the glorious victory of the Boers at Majuba Hill. By the treaty that followed in 1881, autonomy was restored to the republic; and later, by the treaty of 1884, "The Boers of the Transvaal were," as Gladstone said, "to enjoy perfect self-government and practical freedom and independence." For more than a decade no claim whatever of suzerainty was made by the British government; but the rapidly increasing production of gold, which had been discovered in the Transvaal in 1886, had caused such augmented prosperity to the little republic, that England's greedy eyes could no longer behold it. The avaricious desire became manifest; the Transvaal must be annexed.

England offers many excuses to justify herself in this deplorable war, but they are only pretexts that conceal the real motive. She claims to be fighting for "franchise," fighting against "Boer corruption," fighting for "justice, liberty and humanity;" whereas, the opinion, expressed in tears, of her whose loss England and the world mourns, the sentiment of the English people, the declaration of her leading statesmen, the verdict of reason, and the claim of the world is, that England is fighting for "supremacy;" whereas the Boers are fighting for justice, liberty and their God-given and blood-bought native land. Time and again President Kruger proposed arbitration, but Chamberlain could not accept "because," as he said "Britain was suzerain." According to the last treaty, however, Britain was not suzerain; much less had she a right to interfere with the internal administration of the Transvaal, which, shortly before this war, Chamberlain did, by attempting to regulate the suffrage laws and fix new qualifications for electors, and in consequence of which he and the English government stand before the world today self-condemned; for, did he not say on May eighth, 1896, in the House of Commons: "To go to war with President Kruger in order to force upon him reform in the internal affairs of his state,—that would be a course of action as immoral as it would be unwise."

In view of such facts who can reasonably deny that the British are wrong? But are the Boers right? To fight for conquest is generally wrong; to fight for liberty is always right. For liberty the American colonies fought and triumphed, proclaim-

ing to the world those great truths, "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." For these a Winkelreid bared his bosom to the Austrian spears; for these Gustavus Adolphus poured out his life-blood upon the field of Lutzen; and for these the "Founder of Dutch Liberties," William of Orange, fought, and finally fell at the hand of an assassin. Should these martyrs to truth and freedom have died in vain? Should truth undefended be condemned to the scaffold, error exalted to the throne? Should the Boers have allowed the principles of liberty, maintained at the cost of millions of wealth and myriads of human lives, to be trampled under foot? In the breast of every American beats a response. From the peaceful waves of the Pacific to New England's shores, from thousands of voices in one grand unison bursts forth the answer, No! Reverberating across the Atlantic, among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, in the land of dykes and ditches, over the channel in old Albion itself, we hear the echo, No!

But the Boers hated war, they abhorred it. Could it then not possibly be averted? The kind old president again seeks peaceful settlement. He again makes generous overtures, but without avail. Again he proposes arbitration. It is refused. Fresh troops of British soldiers are daily landing upon African soil. President Steyn offers mediation. A calling out of reserves and a detachment of an army corps constitute the answer. The most crucial hour for the Boers has come. What shall they do? There remains yet one resort. The ultimatum is sent. The British do not even deign to answer. They have cast the die. War is on. 250,000 trained soldiers are arrayed against a handful of plain burghers; British against Boers; might against right; tyranny against liberty. Which will triumph?

II. The history of this war is as Chamberlain predicted, in that it is "one of the most serious wars that could possibly be waged, a long war, a bitter war, a costly war." It too, as Kruger prophesied, is a war that staggers humanity. Already for more than eighteen months the Boers have courageously struggled for independence, and the end is not yet. We remember how bravely they stood their ground at Glencoe; how for four months they skillfully and persistently besieged Ladysmith; how five times they repulsed the British with dreadful losses in attempting to raise the siege; what great victories they won; how valiantly they charged at Spion Kop; how gallantly they fought at Hlangwana Mountain, Tugela river and Pieter's Hill; and, though defeat has often stared them in the face, yet how stubbornly, how heroically they have contested and are now recontesting every foot of ground.

Their courage may have been lashed and shaken by storms

of misfortune and disappointment, but it has not fallen. When death took their beloved commander, Pieter Joubert, the hero of Majuba Hill, out of the midst of their struggle for freedom, the nation mourned; when Cronje, the Leonidas of South Africa, with his little band was captured and exiled to St. Helena, the army wept; still their hope did not fail them, for their trust was not in horses and chariots, but in an omnipotent God, who also, at the most discouraging point of the war, raised up for them a leader, Christian DeWet, to whose remarkable shrewdness, indomitable resolution and undaunted courage was due the renewed energy of the Boers and the encouraging aspect which the war thereupon presented.

But in relating the sad story of this war, the fact most grievous to mention—both because it forms an ineffaceable stain upon the honor of England, and because it brings to our imagination the untold sufferings of the Boers—is, that during the closing hours of the nineteenth century, when General Kitchen-er perpetrated his acts of vindictive savagery, the British-Boer war assumed the most brutal phase of barbarism. Women and children were maltreated in every possible manner, homes burned, crops destroyed, the land laid desolate. In short, Kitchen-er "made a solitude and called that peace." And such is the kind of warfare which, though in the peace conference at The Hague the civilized world had agreed not to wage, the English government now approves, nay, orders; and the world by not opposing, sanctions. Thus to carry on war against all the rules of civilized warfare, is the policy of Kitchen-er to reconcile the Boers. Nothing, however, can pacify the Boers except, as was shown by the recent failure of England's negotiations for peace, England grant them that for which they are struggling,—their liberty.

III. Because of this predatory war England has suffered an indescribable loss. Already over six hundred million dollars has been wasted; thousands upon thousands of her bravest soldiers have been sacrificed; her prestige in arms has been lost; her love of freedom has been brutalized; she has brought upon herself the reproach of the nations of the earth, a reproach which the wealth of a Croesus cannot expiate and for which time cannot produce oblivion.

The Boers, on the contrary, in so nobly defending and upholding the principles of liberty, have not only maintained but augmented the honor and glory of their nation and their race. Love of freedom and instinct of self-government, which were the prevailing traits of their ancestors, are still the chief characteristics of the Boers. They, like their ancestors, have crystalized their character in their history. Their hatred of war and despotic government, their regard for the principles of international law and for the rules of civilized warfare, their respect for

justice and truth, their intense religious spirit, invincible courage and Christian heroism, have won for them the admiration, the sympathy and the love of mankind. They have proven themselves capable not only to found a republic, but also to govern and to defend it. They have shown themselves a cultured, civilized and progressive race, worthy of an honorable place among the republics and leading nations of the world.

But what shall we conclude as to the outcome of this war? In the casket of history lies a scroll of prophecy. The future bids us unlock the casket, unroll the scroll, and read the destiny of freedom,—"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." The Boers' struggle for freedom may be long and bloody, it may be against overwhelming odds, but their triumph is certain.

Therefore, on, brave heroes! "In the God of battles trust!" Be not dismayed! You cannot fail! God and right are on your side! Strike for truth and freedom!

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your alters and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land,"
Justice and liberty!

x x x

The Reflex Influence of Christian Missions.

[CONTINUED.]

Some year or two ago it was announced by a leading review that that versatile writer of eccentric and fantastic fiction, Marie Corelli, was about to bring out a novel bearing the title, "The Mistakes of God." If the report be true, none but minds of similar cast with Miss Corelli's need attempt to imagine just what the mistakes are she supposes God to have made. If one should be allowed as much liberty in forming his opinion about Miss Corelli's "Boy" and her "Master Christian," and for that matter about Miss Corelli herself, as she must have deemed hers in writing these books, he is in great danger of suggesting as a fair subject of investigation "The Mistakes of Man," or in this particular instance, "The Mistakes of Woman." Beyond any doubt one of the findings in such an investigation would be that God is dealing with mistakes today. Certainly Christian missions is concerned wholly and solely with the mistakes of man. The prime object of Christian missions is to make pupils or learners. It is only they who have not sufficient knowledge that make mistakes. This is not to say that morality depends upon knowing. We are certain it does not. In the sphere of Christianity, however, when once a man has been brought into God's kingdom and his heart is right with God, his insufficient

knowledge is the cause of his mistakes. And, generally, among nations heathenism is due to an insufficient knowledge of God. Now Christianity is a school in which Christ is the text book, man the pupil, and God's Holy Spirit the teacher. The aim of Christian missions is to bring pupils into this school. The aim of Christianity's Great Teacher is to re-make this great mistake of man—his own degraded fallen self—into likeness with God. God made no mistake in making the first man Adam in the likeness of God. Adam made the mistake in destroying the likeness. The second Man Adam is engaged in remaking man in the likeness of God. If then this be the finished product of the mission industry—men transformed into the likeness of God,—it is in this sphere that we must look for the reflex influence of missions.

There is a law that is spiritual as well as natural—the law of the influence of environment. A second law—perhaps just as fully and completely a natural law as it is a spiritual law—is that we approximate that kingdom whose laws we obey. The Divine Master's teachings seem to be based largely upon these two laws. "If ye keep my commandments, then are ye my disciples indeed." "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto the Father." "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will." "I have chosen you that ye might bear fruit." These and numerous other statements of Christ seem to be founded upon the laws of similarity thro association and identity thro assimilation. The crowning assurance of Scripture, however, is, in my way of looking at things, found in 1 John, 3:2: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is." Similarity thro association is the principle. Simply stated, then, apart from the conversion of the heathens which is the only legitimate product of Christian missions, our dividend as missionaries is similarity to God thro association with him in the work of changing men from the estate and image of the unrighteous to the estate and image of the righteous God.

Bear with me while I briefly recall to your minds what this similarity consists in. If you ever get to the point where you feel like congratulating yourself on being a pretty good sort of Christian turn to the fifth chapter of Galatians, the 22nd verse. Write down in separate columns the list of fruits of the Spirit there enumerated—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Under each one write first the word God, then the word Christ and underneath this your name—if you dare. That is a terrific test, men, and if you can stand that, get on your knees and thank God that his grace has brought you there. In a recent holiness meeting in Chicago Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage slipped into a back seat and listened thro out the address of the evangelist only to be questioned

at the close of the meeting by one of the workers in regard to his spiritual life. The address was on the text, Be ye perfect therefore as your Father in heaven is perfect. Like an honest man and a Christian Mr. Talmage said he knew he was not perfect, and, tho a minister of the gospel, had still to find a perfect man. The apostle Paul cried out from the depths, "Woe is me, for I am a sinful man!" This is fair testimony from an ancient and a modern as to what we now are. But Scripture says that "God is love." Art depicts the Savior as the *meek and lowly one*. Himself says, "My peace I give unto you." Where such love as that which wept over Jerusalem? Where such joy as that of the transfigured mount? Where such peace as the calm, majestic mien the Savior maintained in the midst of the mad brawling of the Roman soldiery and the Jewish mob, or said in no mistakable accents, "I and my Father are one? Since this is the Christ it is fair testimony of what we may be.

All these "fruits" may be found in the Christ. All are to be found growing in the disciples. They are the only coin current in the realm, for they are the image and superscription of Christ. The kingdom is spiritual; its dividends are spiritual. The reflex influence of Christian missions is spiritual and only spiritual and is to be measured in terms of the value of spirit.

In business life the ordinary investor invests himself. That which in the vegetable world is produced by a given species of plant is the plant itself—not all of the plant, but still the plant. So the financial investor invests commonly the product of his own life, his own activity, his own mind. Every investor expects his own investment to increase itself. The life he invests must produce life. As a conclusion now we may say that a dividend is an addition to life since it is itself life. So also the investor in the spiritual industry receives his dividend of life which is an increase to life. But this dividend is itself *life*, the produced life of the *spirit*, the increased life of God. The reflex influence of Christian missions is then the addition of the God-life to the investor. Christian missions pay in likeness to God.

Right here our preliminary statement bears strongly. As there is no preferred and no common stock so we all obtain God-likeness from Christian missions in proportion to what we put into them. As the shareholders are limited to a certain class, those who belong to the kingdom of God, so only they receive Godlikeness, only they are transformed from glory to glory until they reach the full stature of the Man Christ Jesus. On the other hand do not appeal to the man who is outside of Christianity to invest in missions. There is nothing in it for him. What he lives for is not to be obtained from it. It gives what he does not want.

The host of men and women who since Christ's time, have bent every effort to the attainment of a single purpose are evi-

dences of the truth of these views. Martyn, Duff, Moffat, Carey, Guinness, Falconer, Morrison, Brainerd, Livingstone and several score of others went out not knowing whither they went. Their citizenship they knew was in the kingdom of the Eternal. Asia or America, Africa or the Islands were but conditions to them. Discipling was their business. No empty farcial pleas for civilization, prestige or wealth moved them. A lost world was to be regained for God. The devil had become incarnate in man. God was to be enthroned in man's life. Seeing then that we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses let us lay aside every weight and the sin that so easily besets us and let us run with endurance the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the beginner and completer of our reliance, who for the joy that was set before him endured.

The reflex influence of Christian missions does not lie for the Christian church or the individual Christian in the world's civilization, the nation's, community's or individual's civilization; it does not lie in their fame or prestige. From a financial or commercial point of view there is no profit or reflex influence. Separated in this way all advantages as the world measures advantage are but the rejected parts of a passing worthless system.

With Christian missions as a purely spiritual industry there gradually brightens on our view a vision most glorious—church and Christians casting aside the entangling weights of earth's hindrances to stand forth radiant in the Christ's eternal righteousness with crowns and psalms, with new names, new lives, new understandings and new hearts; in their midst one like unto the Son of Man, his face soul-lit with peaceful reconciling joy, a face imaged in the mirroring countenances of his friends; while the ear catches attuned to the deep-swelling waves of the cherubims' chant of

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!"

the tumbling billows of jubilant song as the redeemed carol forth

"We praise thee, O God,
For the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died
And is now gone above!
Hallelujah thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!"

thro it all in sweet pervadent tones the voice of the Son of Man strikes in golden notes

"Enter ye into my joy!"

That joy is the soul-born child of Christian missions. That life of joy is the reflex influence of Christian missions.

PROF. E. DIMNENT.

Paper read before the College Y. M. C. A.

All Fools' Day.

On April first the college hoboes made their annual pilgrimage to Macatawa Park. The weather, the company, the time and the place all contributed to make the occasion a pleasant one.

Equipped with immaculate clay pipes, a camera; a package of Peerless, common property; lunch baskets and a catsup bottle a piece, filled with—a hem! you can't guess and please don't draw inferences—we set out. Labberton, in the meantime, had concealed the fact that he had fishing tackle stowed away in the remotest corner of his spacious pockets, together with a few angle worms which somehow managed to find an exit between the stitches of their temporary prison house, and made good their escape to old mother earth, a feat they relate to their companions, no doubt to this day, with many a hump of the back and wag of the tail. But the lack of worms did not keep Labberton from fishing. He substituted bread for meat, thinking to play April fool with the fishes. The suckers fortunately were not at home, and the other kinds were too clever. They returned the compliment.

Three amateur knights of the pipe, afforded no end of amusement to their more experienced companions, by their extravagant waste of matches, frequent coughing and much spitting. Stoically they bit the gritty stems and proudly blew about them clouds of incense.

Even as Leviathan snorts forth a funnel of wide falling sea spray,
So blew our heroes the smoke from their clay pipes and laughed in their pallor.

Brouwer with an eye for the ludicrous espied an April fool joke away off in a chicken yard with a yellow fence around it. I I guess it is yellow; at any rate, you would recognize it if you saw it. The innocent chickens came toward the fence as soon as they heard their names mentioned, expecting, I presume, a peck of corn. If they had looked before they leaped, they might have seen that Brouwer had no corn to give them. When they were gathered together, Brouwer pleasantly wished them an April fool good morning and said they might adjourn, as he was going to the park. I actually believe they took in the situation, for each one drew in his or her neck a notch or two while one old fellow had the presumption to crow with great braggadocio; but even he broke down with a long drawn out oo-oo!

Farther on the road we came to a settlement deserted for the most part excepting one house which had the appearance of a store. To satisfy our curiosity about the interior and its inmates, we entered and excused our intrusion by calling for one dollars' worth of Adam's pepsin chewing gum. Our robust shopkeeper explained that he was out of that brand, but would we try a package of "Yum.Yum Chewing" seeing they both

were manufactured for identically the same purpose. We thanked him in the negative and left him in the midst of his wares.

After a three hours' ramble, vacillating from one road fence to the other, making a minute study of everything along the line of march, the party finally reached the summit of one of the park hills, the one with the great tank among the pines. If our professor in elocution could have been there to see how assiduously we practiced breathing exercises even in vacation time, our reports from that department would show marks gratifying to all concerned. This healthful pastime was concluded with some vocal exercises. Evidently the residents of the place are not in the habit of taking these exercises nor consider them so important as our professor does.

Dinner time came upon us while we were trying to send messages by wireless telegraphy to our seminary brethren in Holland. A fire was kindled in a sheltered glen where the company gathered around to satisfy the inner cravings greatly intensified by the long walk and the fresh lake breeze. Then followed the posing for snap-shots and the ramble on the ice floes, rare sport, but rash foolishness in the eyes of the watchful life saving crew. We concluded the days' program by a grand concert in the Auditorium. A cantata was rendered by the whole company followed by Verwey and Dykema in a duet. Stuart in the closing remarks made the rafters resound with bursts of his spontaneous eloquence. The Weary Willies boarded a city bound car in time to put on a civilized appearance at supper time.

BY ONE OF THEM.

x x x

EDITORIALS.

The Teacher and The Means.

In recent years there has been a growing tendency on the part of public school boards to reduce the wages of the teacher. This is due, partly, to the competition of teachers, and partly to the tendency of under-estimating the value and importance of the public school. It is gratifying to note that there are so many preparing themselves to enter the "little red school", to become instructors of the youth. But, unless the inducements that have been offered in the past continue to be offered in the future, some of the most competent young men and women will be compelled to abandon the work for more lucrative positions in business or professional life.

It would be a serious misfortune if so important and so great an institution should be neglected, and receive scanty courtesy.

The public school is one of the grandest possessions of our democracy. In the hands of public school teachers, who are largely *in loco parentis* are some weighty possibilities of the future of our race; but these possibilities, unless duly appreciated, will fall short of brilliant realization. In order to secure the best men and women, such as will not trifle with a great work, there must be inducement to enter the profession. Public interest must be maintained in the work, and there must be sufficient compensation. Not long ago a merchant, who was an able Sunday School teacher, is said to have remarked, "Some day when I can afford it I am going to get a position in a public school. I'd rather teach than do anything else in the world." This remark clearly shows that thirty dollars per month is an insufficient compensation for so difficult a work. Ordinary observation discovers among business and professional men many natural-born teachers that have been won from the ranks of the calling which would develop their greatest power.

Our public schools are the strength and vitality of our nation. They are the bulwark of our liberty. We Americans can justly feel proud of them. There is something magnificent in the experiment of seventy million people educating themselves—not depending on bishops or lords, or intellectual aristocracies—but educating themselves, making the machinery, organizing it, securing their own officers, levying their own taxes, creating one grand system of schools out of which the whole nation is to come. A whole nation transforms itself into one great university. If this magnificent institution be neglected or become defective, it will soon tell upon our national life.

The remedies, then, for backwardness and hesitancy for teaching, seem simply the amelioration of the causes that turn good men and women away from the work, and that prevent those in the work from doing it well. "The educational horse to-day, needs not so much the whip and spur as more oats." Teaching needs joy and brightness and enthusiasm. These things must be furnished the teacher. They are qualities that must not be born of dread of poverty. They come from confidence of recognized worth, the assurance of permanent employment, and the receipt of income equal to adequate expense.

May the legislators, who are so concerned about our material prosperity, not lose sight of our school system. Think of what a bill, carrying with it fifty million dollars for harbor improvements, (had it passed), could have done to improve the overcrowded schools and the low salaries. May these influential friends of education and donors to public libraries, of whom our country has developed such numbers, not overlook our schools. The colleges and universities are worthy of every dollar they receive. But the public school, by being in touch with the masses, has a wider and more comprehensive field. The

masses in a democratic government must be educated. They constitute the bulk of a strong nation. Gifts to libraries and universities, therefore, are well, but we cannot compare them with the gift of teachers, conscientious, able, well trained, and so well compensated that they can work with a single and effective purpose.

x x x

Those College Fraternities.

The question is often asked "What are those college fraternities anyway? What is their work?" We are not surprised that this question should be asked of Hope's Literary Societies. What does the public know about them? What opportunity has it of knowing except from an occasional midnight serenade? If the prime object of a literary society, is the acquirement by its members, of ready speech; correct, forceful style of expression, and a pleasing delivery, which we believe it is—can this be acquired by meeting in some secluded hall once a week and listening to a hastily prepared program which we consider merits no comments from us and is beneath our dignity to criticise? As long as the numbers on the program remain a matter of duty instead of an object that appeals to our ambition as a prize essay does or an athletic trophy, we can not hope for enthusiastic meetings or great attainments.

It may be the policy of our college societies to pursue the even tenor of their way year after year in this fashion, but we question very seriously whether it is the best way. The accommodations at present would not permit all the societies to hold regular public meetings; but we are of the opinion that if each one of the four colleges societies should throw its meetings open to the public at least once every school term, a greater interest and friendly rivalry would result. The public too would appreciate it and the literary society would not remain a doubtful nonentity to the community.

x x x

The Choral Union Concert.

The first Choral Union Concert took place on Monday evening, April 22. Tho the expectations were high, they were fully realized. Under the able directorship of Prof. Nykerk with Mr. Welmers as pianist, the Choral Union Concert was a complete success. By the enthusiastic applause, the large audience showed their appreciation of the earnest work of the past six months.

Miss Thew, a talented reader from Grand Rapids, charmed her audience. Miss Thew's impersonation is very natural and drew forth repeated applause. Both her selections "Mam-

my's Li'l Boy" and "La Cica and the Senator" were heartily encored.

Another feature of the programme, which was highly appreciated was Breyman's Orchestra, both in the overture "Calif of Bagdad" and in the rendering of the "Hallelujah Chorus" in which the Orchestra assisted the Choral Union. The violin solo of Mr. Breyman and the Vocal Solo's were finely rendered. Miss Anna Sprietsma especially captivated the audience by her well cultivated, rich soprano voice. One of the most enjoyable features was the duet by Miss Dosker and Mr. Fred Browning.

Throughout the greatest interest was taken in the Choral Union. All the selections deserve unbounded praise. Anderson's Cantata the "Wreck of the Hesperus" thrilled the audience by its deep pathos, so beautifully brought out by the singers. Miss Esther Andrea, who read the poem before the rendering of the Cantata, performed her part admirably well.

Hope College may be congratulated on this innovation, for as a whole the Concert was a great success. We hope that the promise found in the "First Choral Union Concert" may be fulfilled and Winant's chapel may in the future witness many more triumphs won by the Choral Union.

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Fads.

The old saying "variety is the spice of life" is well illustrated by the ever changing fads that sweep over the country like shadows over a landscape. It matters little whether the novelty introduced be becoming or consistant so long as it is likely to win a following. These fads vary all the way from a gentleman's shirtwaist to a reaction of the "spring fever". In the April number of many of our exchanges we noticed a general rejoicing over the advent of Spring. The later issues raise a hue and cry at the very name of Spring. Of course, none of these are among those affected with the "Spring fever". Some chronic grumbler still hibernating in his ulster, has raised a cry, and al, the piping parrots are rehearsing the echo. If the heartfelt expression of joy over the return of green meadows, birds and flowers, bids fair to become a universal fad, it is at least a natural and spontaneous one, more tolerable than the croak of the grumbler.

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An Addition to the Library.

We feel forced to express our gratitude for the gift, which promises an addition to our library. What is of greater value to the student than books? Our library though excellent,

contains rather the lore of times gone by than of recent years. A student is naturally inclined to live in the past. By the study of literature he learns to honor and love books of the past; but he remains ignorant of the books of the last decade or two. For this reason the new books will fill a want and will be highly appreciated.

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Athletics.

Base ball enthusiasm took possession of the college sportsmen. Everything is in readiness for a glorious season. The association has elected its officers and selected its players. The practice has been earnest, and the weak points in the team found out and strengthened.

The first game was played April 19, between the college and city teams. The city team captured the score of 7 to 8 but the prize taxed them to their utmost. While we lost the first game of the season there is not the slightest cause for discouragement. Our boys excelled in the fine points that make a good record. There is no question in the minds of those who witnessed the game but that Huizinga's pitching will prove a perplexing problem to his batters. Have confidence in our players. Support them with your presence at the games and let them hear that you are on the grounds.

Let every student with a love for the good old game become a member of the Association and help us get a thorough outfit. The Officers for the year are:

N. E. Van Dam—Manager.
J. A. De Hollander—Sec'y and Treas.
M. J. Duven—Captain.
H. Yntema—Mascot.

* * *

The officers of the Lawn Tennis Association are the most enthusiastic admirers of the sport, Hope has known for a long time. The old court has been repaired and a fine new one laid. There are now ample accommodations for all who are interested in tennis. Become a member of one of the athletic organizations and systematize your methods of exercising. The following officers have been elected:

C. Beach—Pres.
R. Nichols—Sec'y and Treas.

x x

Announcement

The oration, "The British-Boer War" was not delivered May 3 as stated on the first page of this issue. Owing to una-

voidable complications the contest has been postponed to May 13. The article was already in print when the announcement of the postponement reached us, and the change could not then be made.

x x x

De Alumnis.

Rev. J. Vander Meulen, '97, and wife, of Grand Haven received a pleasant surprise recently by the gift of a handsome couch, two pictures and a five dollar gold piece presented to them by their congregation.

Rev. S. M. Hogenboom '84, of Ontario Center, N. Y. has not accepted the call from Little Falls, N. J.

Rev. Straks, of Orange City, has declined a call to Sheldon, Iowa.

The newly organized church in Yakima Valley, Wash., has called the Rev. S. J. Harmelink '88, from Marion, S. D., and he has accepted the call.

Wm. D. Zoethout, '93, has been appointed an assistant professor in the laboratory at the University of Chicago for the spring quarter. He has also been appointed lecturer on the Physiology of Sense to the class of Dr. J. Loeb, head of that department at the same place.

Rev. Pietenpol has declined the call from Harrison, S. D.

Rev. Osterhof '92, of Greenleaf, Minn., has accepted a call from the Reformed Church of Danforth, Ill.

Rev. A. Pieters will be able to return to Japan. Money above the required amount has been raised by friends.

x x x

Among the Societies

Y. M. C. A.

The first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held April 11. Prof. Mast addressed the Association on the subject "Influence". The professor did not fail to illustrate clearly the influence of hidden laws.

On April 18 the Rev. N. Boer addressed the Association on the subject "Paul as a Missionary."

On April 25 the Rev. I. Gowen of Weehawken, N. J. addressed the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., on the subject "Heavenly Visions and Service". The speaker called to mind the great Biblical character who had seen the visions from God. "It was a needed inspiration for the service to which they were called. Like Peter we need to go upon the house top to catch the heavenly vision; but we are to come down out of the trance to service in the kitchen, the lanes, and byways of the city."

The law of the universe is service. We are to go and labor cheerfully in our appointed field. It is not ours to choose that field.'

FRATERNAL.

At its last business meeting, the Fraternal Society elected the following officers:

O. W. Visscher—President.
W. Damson—Vice-President.
E. J. Strick—Sec'y and Treas.
N. E. VanDam—Keeper of Archives.
J. G. Brouwer—Marshal.

x x x

College Jottings.

"As usual."

Class, favete lingua.

No more Senior bean poles.

"I have it to do with a cold"—Doc.

The Juniors are reading Cyrano De Bootjack.

A lately unearthed L. L. L. joke—A thing of beauty is a boy forever.

Bessy singing as Sandy comes up the walk: — "O never alone etc."

Jimmy is now teething. Expects to be hairing next.

Tickets for the side show—Vis.

Schaefer—"Shall I give up girl or Greek?"

"Music in all classes"

Hallelujah between hours.

Heemstra—"What are the robins doing, quarreling?"

Rudy—"No making matches."

Lottie is having a good time now having received a new watch.

Geo. departing at 12.45 p. m.—"Adieu I'll call at five for a May walk to the cemetery."

Because our cooks are capital steak burners, it does not follow as the night the day, that they are all Joans of Arc.

One on Muste—Vischer—"Where are you going to room M.

Muste—"In the wood shed. It is empty you know."

Visscher—"O, yes, they thot they'd put in a block I suppose."

The college orchestra made its debut recently at the Pine Creek school house. The audience sat with open mouths but whether of fright or admiration we are unable to say.

Good for the 250 dollar library bequest.

The Pan American Exposition exhibits an electric nut cracker. Now, if it were only a cracker of jokes.

The Senior class was royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. A. Visscher.

Cooper raising the hanging lamp—"It is always well to have high lights." No applause. A vacant stare.

The oftimes gloomy interior of the Scot boarding club was recently graced by the congenial presence of Rev. Van Goor.

Matt feigned a raid
And caught the maid,
But O his clumsy toe;
Her weight did bruise,
The blood did ooze,
It hurt poor Duven so;
And for his whimp
He had to limp
Thro fourteen days of woe.

Easter hats, a disease prevalent among Freshman co-eds, is spreading, Van Dam being the latest on the list.

Hoekje's surplus energy found occasion to spend itself doing "huisbezoek" during the spring vacation.

There are rumors in the air of a new gymnasium and other things. Let us hope they are the messengers of truth.

Have you seen the Hollander in the pulpit?

Vandals recently committed depredation in Van Vleck Hall. The church fathers suffered especially. Owing to the frequency of these raids Van Vleck has been converted from a monastery into a college dormitory.

Miss Alice and Miss Lena pronounce the W. & R. brand of complexion powder simply superb.

To squeal is mean.

Felix *alias* Boeve.

Hieltje, at the phone—"Hey I am in town today!"

Blocker, Etta and a photographer's *pad* (?)

Van Dam says he likes to be manager, but finds it hard to manage her.

"From Scylla to Charybdis." Prof. B—'s. parody: "From the frying pan into the fire."

The woe-begone mien of the theologists, the dignified air of the Seniors, the sorrow stricken faces of maidens at the depot—told plainly that vacation had come. And now there is left the Meliphone "Bust" and the Ulfilas anniversary.

"Retranslate that Hoekje. You did not get your magni cl(a)w(s) in there."

On Monday evening May 20th a grand concert will be given at Winants Chapel. The great American pianist and composer, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, will appear in the concert. Tickets will be 50 cts. Apply to N. E. Van Dam, business manager of the concert, for tickets.

The first game of the series of games to be played between College and City teams, April 29, ended in a fizzle. The city team threw up the game in the second inning because of an alleged unjust decision of the umpire. The college boys played a rapid game and its abrupt ending was noted by the great crowd of spectators with regret. Score 9-0.

Have you not heard the distant bleat of a goat on the campus? Bruins has it in his room.

Vander Meulen pulls a rosin string, Brouwer gets up and goes to the window with a water pitcher. VanderMeulen gets fun, showers of blessing and a Spring bath at the same time.

Miss H—t, speaking of the "A Class" invasion of Grand Rapids, says: "Dan phoned up a horrid girl and took dinner with her, while we girls were left in the lurch, the big freak!"

Wubben is a prospective flute player.

Kruisenga and Van Zomeren, local cyclists, inspected the road to Grand Rapids recently.

If you are not interested in the ANCHOR don't give yourself away by climbing on your neighbor's back to read what others pay for.

The Cresset, new among our Exchanges, has been received.

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That Meliphone peanut assembly was but a repetition of the old fable, "Two dogs fight over a bone and a third 'runned' away with it."

Naberhuis' new law in Physics: Every body is attracted by another body in proportion to the amount of energy exerted and the mass of the bodies.

The Freshmen anticipate a stimulant in their surveying this term. Who will hold the stakes, and what kind of cigars shall we get, are the questions that arise.

The local editors have been quite dry heretofore but Schlitz has been on the campus and given them rates. Zwei Bier!

Have you seen "Ons Vaandel?" May it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

x x x

Exchanges.

For a number of years our exchange department has been out of existence, but we trust that its reappearance will be met with approval. Further, we feel confident that the department will prove to be of value to both reader and publisher.

* *

According to the various Exchanges upon our table we perceive that Spring is now at hand.

* *

Wrathy Subscriber—"Why is my paper always so damp."
Calm Editor—"Because there is always so much due on it."

* *

The effort noted in the Hillsdale Collegian, to fill out the missing magazines of their library referred to in Poole's Index, forcibly reminds us that Hope's library is also "out" a few numbers.

* *

The Student Quarterly prints an account, almost pathetic of the Pilgrimages to Jerusalem and the Ceremony of the Holy Fire. It is replete with interest.

* *

If a hat may be termed a cover, the H. H. Review (Hamilton O.) may be said to be sporting a warm Easter bonnet.

Teacher—"How was Tyre destroyed?"
 Boy—"Tyre? O, punctured I guess."

* *
 *

Johnny—"Pop, is a man born in Poland a Pole?"
 Pop—"Yes,"
 Johnny—"Well then is a man born in Holland a Hole?"

* *
 *

At nine o'clock they
 sat like this.
 He was not long in learning;
 At ten o'clock they sat like this,
 The gas was lower burning;
 Another hour they sat like this.
 Still, I'd not venture whether
 At twelve o'clock they sat like this
 Allcrowdeduptogether.

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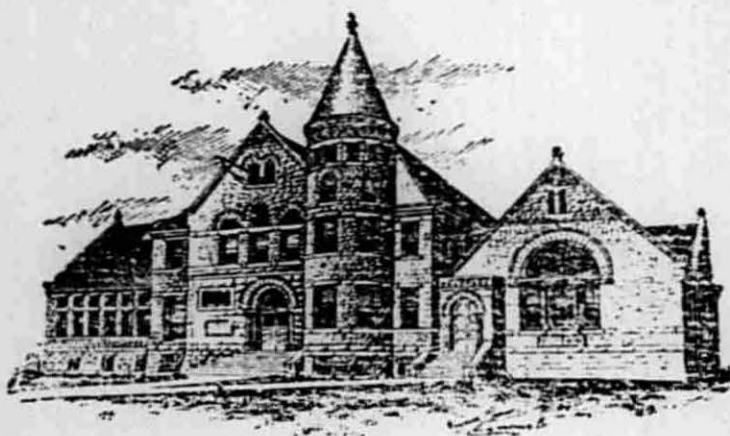
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